

The Painter

Future Islands

Fear of black and yellow
Is pushing in the blue
Here, I made a willow
Traces of you

Crushing a piano
The pieces in the yard
I can see the faces
Tracing your heart

Fear has made you shallow
Hiding in your tomb
I'm screaming at the dust
"Is this good by you?"

Whoa-oh, oh-oh
Calling out in space
Calling out for home
I once called you friend
Greatest fool, I know

Been around the city
And out in the country
Been around the world, now
I'm out in the water

I'm waving not drowning
What's lost in the painting?

Somebody y'all know
Somebody y'all know
Somebody
Somebody

Sienna yellow
Fire apple hue
Whoa, oh, I'm screaming at the dust
"Is this good by you?"

Whoa-oh, oh-oh
Calling out in space
On the canvas cold
On the pallet knife
Only red you know

Been around the world now
And out in the country
Been to every city
I'm out in the water

Waving not drowning
I don't need a savior
I'm waving not drowning
What's lost in the painting?

What's lost in the painting, in the crimson holes?
What's under the shadows that you made your own?

Some can't see it all
Some can't see at all
Some can't see it all
Some can't see at all
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